

NOVELTIES IN FASHIONS

SMALL TALK AND SILLABUB

YESTERDAY I went shopping, and I'm very sorry I did, for this morning I have such a cold that I can hardly speak above a whisper. Even in May we are apt to have chilly winds, and I wore a very thin dress, with my new chiffon boa for sole wrap. Oh, but it is a dear, that boa, and quite the newest thing! I must tell you about it. To appreciate it properly you must know that my street gown is just a suggestion of lavender. My hat, which goes with it is made of tiny ruffles, crown, brim and all. These ruffles are of pale gray mousseline de soie edged with narrow gray velvet ribbon. The trimming is peculiar, to say the least. It consists solely of a wide ribbon folded around the base of the crown and tied in a big Alaskan bow across the back, where the hat is tilted by a wide band. This ribbon is of lettuce green plume with big black dots, and the band under the hat is covered by the white and pale green poppies. All this is necessary to make you understand the color scheme.



The butterfly sash.

Now comes the boa. The material is not as you would suppose, mousseline de soie, for that would be too perishable, but lace dyed gray. You know that dyed laces are the fad of the moment and in the delicate shades they are really very effective. My boa looks like cobwebs, but the trimming is the most striking part of it. There are two bunches of frosted violet leaves, one fastened directly at the back and the other half way down the left side. For this piece of elegant simplicity I paid an outrageous price to a milliner on Fifth avenue, but any clever woman can make one like it for a mere trifle. That is why I am telling you about it.



Princess gown.

I didn't start out to go shopping. I was just leaving the Alkens' house when I ran into Margery Briscoe. Margery's one topic of conversation is dress. She lives for it. I have often quoted to her Ovid's exclamation, "What madness it is to carry one's fortune on one's back!" but even this classical authority does not move her. She cheerfully spends all her dollars on chiffons and laces and then goes into retirement until her next allowance comes to pull her out of difficulties. This time she was fairly bubbling over with excitement. "They're marking down the imported gowns at X's!" she cried joyously. "Here's a hansom! Jump in! You must come with me and help me get a bargain before they are all gone." I knew that the bargain would include Margery's last cent, but I wasn't mean enough to say so and spoil her little illusion.

The X store is a very large one, and the imported gowns are always kept by themselves on a floor where the vulgar herd is not allowed to penetrate. Every

girl in the department is a goddess. Such figures one sees nowhere else, and as for the faces—Well, if a girl's countenance is not handsome originally she soon receives a hint to let it become so. And it does. I sometimes wonder if the cosmetics are included with their wages. It is the least the firm should do, because at the rate that the girls apply powder and paint it must cost them a small fortune. At any rate, the effect is harmonious and no doubt necessary because they are required to try on the gowns, and who would buy a bright pink creation, for instance, if it gave the model who wore it the complexion of a persimmon? What if it does produce that effect upon the customer? She is never allowed to find out that little detail until the dress is sent home and paid for.

The head woman sized Margery up and immediately in response to her nod the hand-somest model trailed with a stately air toward us. She wore a wonderful gown of lace. You may be sure that I observed all the details in order that I might tell you of them afterward. The most striking thing about this dress was the color of the lace, which followed the French fad and was dyed, or, rather, tinted, a faint green. It was cut princess and was fitted so beautifully that not a seam was visible. The lace at the bottom of the skirt was slashed in wide scallops, showing the slip of plaited chiffon. This was of pinkish lavender of a very delicate shade, merely a suggestion. The principal trimming of the gown consisted of two sprays of velvet grapes and their leaves. These velvet flowers are much handsomer than the cretonne flowers, besides being more expensive. You see, they are hand painted, so that they imitate nature exactly, and then they are not sewed, but glued, to the gown and pressed flat with a hot iron. My dressmaker, who is a Frenchwoman, told me this. Two scarfs of pale green chiffon completed the trimming. One fell gracefully over the shoulders, and the other was crumpled into a big rosette and tacked at the upper end of the spray which decorated the skirt. The model wore in her reddish brown hair three artificial grape leaves. They wanted such a price for this costume (although it was marked down) that Margery was very reluctantly forced to abandon the idea of buying it. I think, though, from a certain pucker on her forehead, that she was taking in all the particulars in order that she might have her own dressmaker copy it. In that case she will probably get it for half the price.

The model took off the green dress, and, behold, she was fully attired in a black mohair princess gown. Upon closer examination we found that all the models wore similar dresses, which is a very good idea, for it must save a



VISITING GOWN OF WHITE CRAPE AND BLACK APPLIQUE.

lot of time. Over this same black gown of hers she slipped a brussels net frock which was certainly a bargain. It was marked down to \$125, and the alterations, we were informed, would be made free of charge. Before I go any further I may as well remark that Margery took it on the spot, and she will no doubt break many hearts with it this summer. The white brussels net was stamped with large red poppies. I say "stamped," but you could not distinguish the flowers from hand painted ones. It was made over three distinct slips of three distinct shades. This is the worst thing, you know. The foundation slip was of flesh colored taffeta; the next was of salmon chiffon, and the third and uppermost one was of flame pink chiffon. When the model moved, these three shades could be seen through the thin net, and when she raised her train daintily the effect was ravishing. As for the outside of the gown, it was trimmed with yards and yards of black chantilly lace, and there were no fewer than 12 narrow ruffles decorating the bottom of the skirt. This was an exquisite affair of poppy colored chiffon, with three big black lace butterflies appliqued on the ends of the "three end" sash. You must get a third end sash if you want to be up to date. It fastens with a big irregular chou and is worn on the left side in the back.

Margery has just dropped in to offer consolation for the cold which I caught while helping her. "Do you know what

was the most tragic moment of my life, Kit?" she said. "It was once when I had a cold like you. I was very hoarse, and I went shopping. My cold kept getting worse all the time, but I wouldn't give in, and at last I finished everything on my list. Just as I was leaving the store I caught sight of a bargain table. A perfect mob was about it. Double faced satin ribbon three and a half inches wide at 15 cents a yard! Just think of it, my dear! There was only one salesgirl, and you had to shout to reach her. I leaned over the backs of the struggling women and caught her eye. 'Eight yards of the pale blue!' I started to say. Started is a good word. I opened my mouth to its fullest extent, and stretched my throat until it ached, but no sound came forth. I had lost my voice. The saleswoman looked away indifferently. I suppose she thought I was yawning. Whole pieces were being sold before my very eyes, and I was helpless. Lustrous pinks, silky yellows and delicate blues were flaunted before me, and I knew that the next day I would have to pay twice as much. I wanted to shriek aloud with rage, but I couldn't even do that. Just at that moment I caught sight of the floorwalker. A fat black pencil was sticking out of his vest pocket. I rushed up to him. I could not speak, but I gave him an imploring look that would have melted a heart of stone. Then I grabbed his pencil. To seize a loose sheet of brown paper and scribble upon it was the work of but a moment, and over the shoulders of the women I waved a placard written in letters an inch high:



Eight yards pale blue!

EIGHT YARDS PALE BLUE!

"The girl couldn't help seeing that, and her eyes nearly stuck out of her head with astonishment, but she took my money and handed me back those precious eight yards. I never stopped to look at the expressions of the other women. I ran. Of course, they thought I was crazy, but I had bought those eight yards for \$126, and you'll see what a grand effect they will make on my blue organdie this summer."

Hate Clyde

New York.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

At Brighton, England, a novel experiment is to be tried in domestic economy. Much has been done in training servants, and one of the cleverest teachers under the school board thinks that something may be now done in training mistresses, the idea being that a thorough knowledge of the art of housewifery will help them to get and to keep good servants. Accordingly, a house in the best part of Brighton will be used as a school and kept in the best possible way from basement to attic. The project is largely the outcome of a discussion of the servant question at the conference of the National Association of Women Workers recently held at Brighton.

EPIGRAMS FOR WOMEN.

Woman sees deep; man sees far. To the man the world is his heart; to the woman the heart is her world.

A soft answer maketh an engagement a sure thing.

They say love is blind, but a woman can see a thousand qualities in a man he never possessed.

A woman would be willing to die for the man she loves, but she couldn't keep from saying "I told you so" for the very life of her.

This association, for Fort Hancock, New York, has been provided by a \$10,000 gift from Thomas S. Gladding. Miss Gould's gift was made on condition that her name be kept secret, but it came out when active work was begun.

Wide open eyes are indicative of rashness.

Brown eyes are said by oculists to be the strongest.

The trains of the peeresses to be worn at the expected coronation of the new

Why So Many Women Fail To Marry

THE world is millions of years old, some say. In all that time, more or less, 95 per cent of its men and women have been united by the marriage rites of their generation from the paleolithic man who ambushed his sweetheart, knocked her senseless and dragged her to his cave, till the present day and have dwelled in domestic bliss according to their lights, again more or less. It is not necessary to argue, therefore, that normal men and women prefer married to single life. We accept the fact.

Nevertheless the per cent of women who live and die single is steadily increasing among civilized peoples. In Europe there is accounting for this fact. On the continent young men are forced into the great standing armies. In Great Britain they migrate to the colonies. In American New England thousands of them also fit to the west as soon as they are old enough. This leaves girls husbandless in the states which revolve around Boston.

None of this, however, explains the great and constantly increasing army of women who spend their lives single because they choose to do so. It is not because husbands are wanting. Probably not one single woman in a hundred reaches the age of 50 without having a marriage offer of some sort. I have known many spinsters and among them only one who confessed she had never been proposed to.

Most of these spinsters have been educated, refined women who earned a good living and saved money or else they were women of means to start with. One was an attractive person of perhaps 36. For a long time she had had a devoted admirer 20 years older than herself. In a moment of confidence one day she told me that under no circumstances could she marry Mr. Binks, although he was the kindest, most generous of men. He had certain little personal habits that were offensive to her, and he was too old to break them off. Moreover, he was guilty of occasional lapses in grammar, and that "jarr'd" her, particularly before folk. "Mr. Binks is not at all the man for me," she explained. "The man I ought to have married was married before I met him." So rather than take the man she did not want, although he wanted her, she preferred to wait till her next incarnation or forever to get the man she did want. Thus at least she had always her ideal man. The perfect loves are those never materialized.

Another girl bachelor, pretty and talented, earning her living in a profession tells me she has had three opportunities to change to dual bliss. One lover had

a bad left eye which glared upon her fiercely when it should have been melting and tender, and this was too much for her nerves. The second unfortunately had at long intervals spells of drinking himself into intoxication, which naturally turned him down. The third had fiery hair and was a "softy"

cause they have had men for brothers-in-law or brothers—sometimes, alas, for their own fathers.

It does not appear that these bachelors for girls have a quarrel with matrimony itself. It is only that the right man does not come forward—at least he whom they believe would be the right man. Women are no longer obliged to marry for a living. The single women are independent. They work and wait—for the right man. If he comes not, they are cheerful still and find ways to console themselves. That high authority in matters of the heart, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, tells us there are some who reach middle age before experiencing a cyclonic emotion.

It is certain, too, that with the growth of pecuniary independence among the sex women have become more exacting in their requirements for a husband. Men's manners, morals, health and appearance are criticised as they would not have been a generation ago. The



PICTURE HAT OF PALE BLUE MOUSSELINE DE SOIE.

on general principles, and she could not

him abide. Women who would reject men for reasons so frivolous as most of the above deserve to remain single all their lives, do you say? Well, that is what they themselves think, and single they remain. In other cases girls have become disgusted with matrimony be-

standard for men to reach has been raised higher by women in recent years, and men must live themselves up to it if they care enough for these single women to make wives of them. And, indeed, when we come to think of it, this is the best possible sign and prophecy for the future of the human race.

MARILLA WEAVER.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

"CHARLES," said Mrs. van Hebrides, "we are going to form a new club. I belong to six now, but they do not express my innermost altogether, so we are establishing one that does. It will be very exclusive. The elements of discord that have disrupted so many associations of ladies shall not thrust their poisoned beaks into this one. We call it the S. O. C. W.—Sisterhood of Clubbable Women."

"The what, dear? Club babble women, did you say?"

"No, I didn't, and you know I didn't. I said clubbable women."

"What are clubbable women? Women who ought to be clubbed? A clubbing would not be a bad thing for some of them, the way they carry on. Excellent idea, my dear."

"Charles, you misunderstand me on purpose, and you're not so very witty either. A clubbable woman is one possessing clubbable qualities. Now," said Mrs. van Hebrides, with her most judicial air, "a lady may be a very good sort of person, may dress well, have a good character, have artistic and literary tastes, be able to compile a soothing paper from the encyclopedia, may even be accomplished, and yet not be a clubbable woman because she is possessed of unclubbable qualities. She may be envious, spiteful or gossipy and meddlesome. These, Charles, are unclubbable qualities, and we shall be careful not to admit any woman who has them into the S. O. C. W."

"I see. The unclubbable woman's qualities are catching like the measles," answered Mr. van Hebrides.

"Charles, if you don't stop interrupting me—that's just like a man to keep interrupting—I can't tell you.

We shall have ten charter members, and we have ten officers who constitute a governing board," continued Mrs. Van Hebrides. "The governing board constitutes a quorum to pass on the admission of new members. We mean to have things different from the old style in the interest of harmony."

"Do you think the sisterhood will hang together three months without quarrelling?"

"You are the most unsympathetic man I ever saw, Charles!"

The S. O. C. W. held its first business meeting. There were 16 candidates for membership. The first was Mrs. Showbright. She had one essential quality of the clubbable woman. She was the social rival of the first vice president and outshone her. The first vice took the floor with dignity.

"Madam President and ladies," she said, "I regret that, while an admirable lady in some respects, Mrs. Showbright possesses unclubbable qualities which I cannot explain more closely, but which constrain me to cast my vote against her. My friend Mrs. Minxey will support me in it."

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Minxey. Two blackballed decided, and Mrs. Showbright, the first vice president's social rival, was defeated. Another candidate, Mme. Thumpdown, was proposed. Mme. Thumpdown was a noted pianist, so brilliant of execution that she fairly split the eardrums of her audience on the occasion of her benefits. There seemed no objection to her. But at the turning point Mme. Pertona stepped forward. To her certain knowledge, she explained, Mme. Thumpdown possessed personal qualities that would make her not clubbable or a desirable

acquisition to the S. O. C. W. Therefore, though it pained her inwardly, she must vote "no." She had reason to know that the sisterhood's auditor also was aware of unclubbable qualities in the candidate, and she would like to hear from that officer. That officer was aware of them, she said, so she also voted contra. Mme. Thumpdown was turned down.

Mrs. van Hebrides and Mrs. Finkley whispered in the cloakroom.

"Old Pertona's got it in for Thumpdown because Thumpdown didn't invite her to sing at that concert," said Mrs. van Hebrides. "That's what makes Thumpdown have unclubbable qualities. It's awful how women will let their personal feelings bias their votes!"

A third candidate was up—Mrs. Whitesoul. She was the friend of both the vice president and Mme. Pertona. Each of these ladies painted her desirability as a member of the sisterhood, especially her shining clubbable qualities. As they concluded Mrs. van Hebrides rose. The arguments in her new hat quivered. There was battle in her eye. Her Revolutionary blood was up. She opened fire.

"Madam President, two most estimable ladies, friends of my own, have been blackballed here this afternoon because certain women are jealous of them. A social stigma has been put upon them. Now I want it understood that whoever is proposed by the vice president or Mme. Pertona I shall blackball as a woman possessing unclubbable qualities, and I don't care who it is. Furthermore, I am sure Mrs. Finkley will back me."

"That I shall. It's a shame!" said Mrs. Finkley.

The meeting adjourned without the election of a new member.

ASTROLOGY.

Traits of Those Born Under Gemini.

FROM May 20 to June 21 Gemini, the twins, the third of the constellations supposed to rule the destinies of mankind, reigns. Gemini is an air sign at the head of the so-called air triplicity. Its special domain of the human body is the shoulders. Those born from May 20 to 25 will be somewhat influenced by Taurus, the preceding sign.

The distinguishing peculiarity of Gemini born persons, according to astrology, is the possession of a double nature which is often fighting against itself. Those whose birthday comes in

this sign will be warrior and Quaker, spendthrift and miser, happy and unhappy, devotee and skeptic in one. Consequently they are seldom quite satisfied with the outcome of things and are apt to be tinkers and fussy, undoing one day the work of the day before.

Men and women born under this sign are generally handsome and well endowed intellectually and artistically. A stupid or dull Gemini person is seldom found. Gemini women take delight in beautiful homes and manifest excellent taste in adorning them.

In affectional matters both men and women of this sign are given to taking violent fancies to others without having them based on common sense. They often find themselves mistaken accordingly and drop the object of their affections "like a hot potato." They thus appear to be fickle when it is their restless impatience that hurries them ahead of their common sense.

Having superior minds and restless souls, they cannot work comfortably for other people, but are excellent planners of work for other persons to do. They have a strong sense of their own worth and dignity and are generally found in the best society or none. They do not like others to take liberties or to be too

familiar with them. They think much of good living and of outside appearances and like to be well dressed and deferred to. They should restrain their tendency, especially with those they love, to "boss" and manage other people's affairs.

Many gifted and illustrious individuals have appeared under this sign. One of them was Margaret Fuller, who but for her early death would have become a great light in literature.

Mercury, the planet of science, business and money, is the ruling star of Gemini subjects. They should not marry dull or stupid people, as they will weary of the companionship. Astrology says they will be happiest married to persons born under Virgo or Aquarius. Virgo rules between Aug. 22 and Sept. 21. Aquarius from Jan. 20 to Feb. 19. Virgo is an earth sign; Aquarius, like Gemini, is an air sign.

Gemini persons should combat their native fustiness and cultivate the habit of sticking to things. Their mental restlessness makes others uncomfortable in their company. Eleanor Kirk recommends them to keep their feet and hands still. With continuity and mental poise they can achieve uncommon enterprises. CLARA BRANSCOMBE.



AFTERNOON DRESS OF OLD ROSE ETAMINE.

IN WOMAN'S FIELD.

Mrs. Aguinado is a member of the Manila Women's club.

Scotland will lose something by the change in sovereignty. The king enjoys Scotland in the shooting season for a couple of weeks, but Queen Alexandra never took to the highlands.

In Ireland a belt of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away, and garlic, salt, bread and steak

are put in the cradle of a newborn baby in Holland.

As soon as her child is born the Turkish mother loads it with amulets, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead.

At the birth of a child in lower Brittany the neighboring women take in charge, wash it, crack its joints and

rub its head in oil to solder the cranium. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle and its lips are touched with brandy to make it a full Briton.

New York's grand opera patronesses will be dismayed to learn that the full dress jewels of the king of Siam are valued at \$1,000,000.

Miss Helen M. Gould gave \$10,000 in January last to build a Young Men's Christian association headquarters at Fort Monroe. Another headquarters for

king of England vary in length according to rank, that of a duchess being three yards long, of a marchioness two and a half, of a countess two, of a viscountess one and one-half and of a baroness one yard. Peeresses by birth—not those by marriage—have the right to have their train borne by a page, who must not be above 14 years old.

Very novel for bridesmaids at a green and white wedding are full, round ruffs of white sweet peas and green leaves

and huge muffs of the same. Favored, too, by the autocratic dame of the modes is crepe de chine for spring bridal gowns.

The dinner given by the survivors of the defenders of Belfort in the Franco-German war on the anniversary of the siege was especially memorable because of the one woman present who provided one of the most popular toasts. This was Mme. Belfort, a lieutenant of the francs-tireurs, who, then but a girl just

out of her teens, was enrolled as a trooper in that corps as she was a captain's rider and shot. In this campaign she won both her commission and the military cross.

A life sized bust of Miss Elizabeth Stephenson, who christened the battleship Wisconsin, will be placed in the forward cabin of that ship. It is the gift of Miss Stephenson's father, Isaac Stephenson.

Blue eyes are said to be the weakest.